



STRANGE ENCOUNTERS WITH WINGED HUMANOIDS

Sightings of "flying beings" have been noted around the globe since time immemorial. The fairytales of almost every nation have a description of a winged creature that looks like a human being. However, only in recent times have researchers in different parts of the world begun trying harder to crack the mystery of the flying creatures.

American researchers became the first ones to show interest in the "flying humanoids". The US Air Force archives hold a report on a "UFO" filed by one William S. Lamb from Nebraska.

Mr Lamb was on a hunting trip near Hewbell [Hubbell] on 22 February 1922 when suddenly, at 5.00 am, he heard a strange, high-pitched sound coming from above. Mr Lamb looked up and saw a big dark object flying in the sky. Then it landed just like an airplane and started walking across the snow. The stranger was at least eight feet tall. Mr Lamb tried to follow the footprints but exhausted himself trudging through the deep snow.

The archives hold similar records about amazing encounters that took place near the small town of Point Pleasant, West Virginia.

On 15 November 1966, two young family couples, residents of Point Pleasant,

were driving in a car to the country to see friends. Dusk was falling as they were driving past an old mill. All of a sudden, one of the women began staring open-mouthed at two red circles that shone brightly in the dark. The circles were about two inches in diameter and seemed to be hanging in the air. Then they started moving towards the car.

The driver and passengers finally saw the eyes of a huge, living being. Its frame resembled that of a human but it looked a lot taller, up to six-and-a-half to seven feet. And it had a pair of wings folded behind its back.

The big red eyes seemed to be hypnotising the group. Everybody was sitting still for a minute or two, unable to look away. Then somebody cried out, "Let's get out of here!". The driver stepped on the accelerator.

The car was crossing the top of a hill when the passengers saw another winged creature, hovering above the trees. It spread its wings and flew straight up into the sky as the car was rolling at 100 miles per hour.

Thomas Uri, a young salesman from Point Pleasant, was driving his car early on the morning of 25 November 1966 when he saw a tall, humanlike form standing in the field nearby. Suddenly, the creature unfolded its wings and rose vertically into

the sky like a helicopter. It was flying above the car for a while, never falling behind, although the car was clocking 75 miles per hour.

It is quite noteworthy that an indescribable fear filled all the residents of Point Pleasant who saw the flying monsters.

A similar flying creature was seen about the same time in the vicinity of the town of New Haven in West Virginia. Connie, an 18-year-old resident of the town, was returning home after a Sunday church service. She was driving past a derelict golf course when a big grey figure, at least seven feet tall, emerged at the roadside. However, it was not so much the height of the creature that caught Connie's attention. She was virtually mesmerised by its two big eyes: they were red and shone brightly. All of a sudden, the creature spread its wings and it lifted up slowly, without making a sound. The creature did not flap its wings during the flight.

Winged creatures of similar description have been reported across the planet.

Four lads were walking back home from a dance near Sandling Park in Kent, England, on 16 November 1963 when they suddenly heard a crackling of the branches and along came a black behemoth. It had a pair of bat-like wings.

A flying being was seen in the village of

Nagorye, in central Russia, in September 1979. It was dusk when a student, Igor Kuleshov, was walking with a girlfriend in a field. He noticed a dark object flying slowly above the ground at a height of about 30 metres.

Igor became speechless as the object moved closer and took the form of a human wearing some kind of shining armour like a knight of the Middle Ages. There was a pale halo around the flying man. He flew right above the astounded couple and vanished in the direction of a forest. They could also hear something resembling a rustle of the leaves on the wind.

US researchers have put forth two theories as to the origins of the "flying beings". According to the first theory, the military conducted a series of experiments involving residents of areas near secret military installations. The experiments had to do with a mind-control research program, which allegedly involved the use of electronic signals to produce the same kind of hallucination. The second theory maintains that the winged creatures do exist, though their origins remain pretty murky and unearthly. The creatures turn up in our dimension once in a while, only to disappear without a trace into another dimension.

(Source: *Pravda*, 13 March 2006, http://english.pravda.ru/science/mysteries/77195-flying_creature-0)

FAIRIES AND ELVES ASSERT THEIR LAND RIGHTS

In the Scottish village of St Fillans, Perthshire, housing developers have lost out to the local fairies.

Plans to build new homes at the edge of Loch Earn were scrapped when the villagers went berserk over the builders' intention to move a single rock...because fairies live beneath it.

The *Times* of London reported on 21 November 2005:

"Marcus Salter, head of Genesis Properties, estimates that the small colony of fairies believed to live beneath a rock in St Fillans, Perthshire, has cost him £15,000.

His first notice of the residential sensibilities of the netherworld came as his

diggers moved on to a site on the outskirts of the village, which crowns the easterly shore of Loch Earn.

"He said: 'A neighbour came over shouting, 'Don't move that rock. You'll kill the fairies.'""

"Then we got a series of phone calls, saying we were disturbing the fairies. I thought they were joking. It didn't go down very well,' Mr Salter said."

According to the *Times*: "The rock protruded from the centre of a gently shelving field, edged by the steep slopes of

Battles between developers and fairies aren't limited to places like Scotland.

Dundurn mountain, where in the sixth century the Celtic missionary St Fillan set up camp and attempted to convert the Picts from the pagan darkness of superstition."

With the locals firmly on the side of the fairies, the developer had to "redesign the entire thing from scratch". But it seems that the fairies do have some implied legal rights. As the *Times* noted: "The Planning Inspectorate has no specific guidelines on fairies, but a spokesman said: 'Planning guidance states that local customs and beliefs must be taken into account when a developer applies for planning permission.'"

Battles between developers and fairies aren't limited to places like Scotland. New York's Staten Island has its own colony of fairies who made a complaint that was noted in 1939:*

"The fairies expressed their fear that, before very long, the beautiful island will have changed into 'a great brick, mortar and steel city, with cement roads, long rows of modern houses built closely together and, will...no longer be a home for fairies'.

"They felt it their duty, Kolff wrote, to leave a verbal account of their life, as well

as a description of Staten Island, 'with its hills and valleys, its lakes and dells, its forests, its wildflowers, its golden grain fields, its delightful country lanes, its waving fields of delicious strawberries and other fruits, and its wildlife filled with song and other birds of all kind'."

In Iceland, the fairies and elves are reportedly so numerous that road construction projects are often re-routed so as not to offend the supernatural creatures living under various rocks. The *New York Times* reported on 13 July 2005:

"Recently, the planning committee considered a resident's application to build a garage. 'One member said, 'I hope it's okay with the elves,'" Ms Erlingsdottir [head of the committee] related.

Should the council determine that it is, in fact, not okay—usually this happens when a local mystic hears from the elf population, directly or through a vision—the town would consider moving the project, or getting the mystic to ask the elves to move away, she said.

"Such occurrences are not unusual. In nearby Kopavogur, a section of Elfhill Road was narrowed from two

lanes to one in the 1970s, when repeated efforts to destroy a large rock that was believed to house elves were thwarted by equipment breakdowns. The rock is still there, jutting awkwardly into the road, but it is unclear whether the tenants are.

"'With the artificial lampposts, there's too much light for them, and there's also too much noise,' explained Gurdrun Bjarnadottir, who has lived across the street for some 30 years. 'A lot of people believe they still live there, but I think they've moved.'"

(Source: *Sploid*, 25 November 2005, http://www.sploid.com/news/2005/11/dont_anger_the.php)

[* Apparently this quote is sourced from an undated letter to the Staten Island online service SILive.com, quoting from a letter addressed to Cornelius G. Kolff, the then president of the Staten Island Historical Society, and signed by "The Council of Staten Island Fairies". Kolff's book, *Staten Island Fairies*, illustrated by Alice Sargent Johnson, was published by Richmond Borough Publishing and Printing Co., New York, in 1939, and can be found in The New York Public Library (ref 917.462 K). – Editor]

THE BROTHERS WHO HAVE LIVED FOR CENTURIES

My entire family comes from Brittany (part of France), and though I was born in the USA I lived in Quimper, Brittany, for a few years and went to college in Brest, Brittany. I have lots of family in that part of the world, and I speak, read and write French as well as I do English.

While living in Quimper (the third largest city in Brittany), I had a friend named Joel, an exceptional person who, though not well educated, seemed to know everything. Joel was a native of Quimper, but he was also an orphan. A fairly well-to-do lady had taken him and his brother Patrick in as foundlings.

Both Joel and Patrick were violent, reckless, dangerous young men. They had been in jail many times for disregarding the law. If, say, they wanted a car, they stole it. If they wanted to climb up to the top of a 500-foot cathedral spire and tie on their shirts to show they'd been there, they did it despite the Quimper municipal authorities. If they wanted to go to Ireland for a few days, they commandeered a boat and sailed over—not a small task considering the coasts of both Ireland and Brittany. Both were excellent sailors, athletes, etc. In fact, what made them so scary is that there seemed to be nothing they were incapable of doing. I remember others immediately dropping out of athletics contests when Patrick and Joel were involved (and not in jail). And speaking of jail, Joel broke out of the gendarmerie jail in Quimper four times because he "knew the way out".

In Brittany, buildings like cathedrals, city halls and even jails are ancient, some dating initially to mediaeval times. Joel and Patrick knew everything about every building, especially the ancient ones. They knew which stones moved, revealing unknown passages, etc. I once accompanied Joel in the middle of the night into an abandoned medieval chateau, a property of the French state. He knew a passage from outside which was totally invisible. I also went into the Quimper city hall with him through an unused sewer. He broke into these kinds of places for fun...or to say he could do it because he "knew the town" and "knew all its secrets". This seemed to be true in incident after incident.

Joel knew things that were true in Quimper families hundreds of years ago—things like skeletons in the closet. He held

his foster mother hostage because of things he knew about illicit land deals in the early 19th century, which would have jeopardised her holdings in the present. She tried to have Joel and Patrick incarcerated several times because she was afraid of this and other things.

Many, many people in Quimper were afraid of Joel and Patrick. I was afraid of them, too, and I was glad Joel had for some reason chosen me as a friend because, frankly, these two were ominous. Good rumour had it that Patrick had gouged someone's eyes out and that Joel had killed someone. I say "good rumour" because it was repeated by so many normal-seeming people.

All around Quimper, there are tiny Breton towns. Joel was known by the damnedest people in all of them: extremely old sailors, café owners, pea farmers and especially peasants. Lots and lots of really old people knew and feared Joel and Patrick. All of what I've written happened in my 20s.

Joel and Patrick were respectively one year and two years younger than I, more or less 21 to 26 years old. Both considered themselves better than anyone, aristocratic even, superior. Both knew Nazi types left over from the occupation of Brittany. They endorsed vehemently ideas of racial and ethnic superiority. They called themselves "evolutionary mutants" and told others that, while they possessed no supernatural powers, they were evolutionarily superior in all other ways. And their looks, brains, connections, language, points of reference and physical abilities seemed to confirm it.

S c h o o l dropouts, they should have been c o u n t r y bumpkins, but Joel could, for example, quote entire pages of Kant and especially Nietzsche by heart.

They spoke no language but French, but their intellectual

range also seemed to be boundless.

Joel always claimed that he'd had a mysterious life, but refused to speak about it during the time that we were best friends. However, a few very old peasant types told me that Joel had "been around for ever". "I knew him when I was a child," one said. "He had a different name and lived on a farm a little way out of town, but it was him." Other old people in Breton villages said more or less the same thing: Joel and Patrick didn't age; they just changed names from era to era and reappeared in different homes.

The time we broke into the Quimper city hall, Joel found a folder...I think it was an old police folder...which had perfect—and I mean *perfect*—likenesses of him and his brother in middle 19th-century garb, surrounded by strangers. "My ancestors," Joel said in such a way that I didn't believe him. The pictures were of him and Patrick—period. And he'd pulled them out of a forgotten locker in a sub-basement of an ancient building.

These and many other things convinced me that Joel and Patrick were indeed "superannuaries".

This all happened between 1970 and 1979, and both men have since disappeared. Relatives of mine in Quimper say they are not gone but living somewhere else in Brittany, some other village, under new names. There seems to be evidence of this.

(Source: by Timmistrail, from the Paranormal Story Archives, June 2001, http://paranormal.about.com/library/blstory_june01_05.htm)

